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1916

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Cornell Scribblings

By

K. P. ROYCE and

C. L. FUNNELL



Cornell Scribblings



BY

CHARLES L. FUNNELL, '16

AND

KNIBLOE PERRY ROYCE, '16

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A N D R U S & C H U R C H

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FOREWORD

If you are a keen observer you have noted that this is a Foreword rather than a Preface.

We would like to have written a regular preface saying that we have compiled this text at the urgent solicitation of our many friends and our colleagues in the department, who declared that it was needed to fill a long felt want ; that it would be advisable to use three or four of our other works as references in connection with the course ; that the theory in chapters XIX to XXIV is advanced and may be omitted in an elementary course without affecting the value of the rest of the work ; and so on according to the conventional textual style.

But that didn't seem quite the thing, so we have written a little Foreword, instead.

The first poem in the book, "The Library Fire-place," was written for us by Dean Smith, of Sibley College. For that and for the interest that he has taken in this work, we wish to express our very sincere thanks.

For the illustration on page 4 we are indebted to G. B. Wiser, '17.

We are also very grateful to the *Widow* for permission to use many things that first appeared in her pages.

C. L. F.
K. P. R.

Ithaca, N. Y., February 1, 1916.

\$0.50

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FEB -8 1916

no. 1.

Ms. 7 A Feb. 26. 16.

Dedicated to
"Uncle Pete"



THE LIBRARY FIREPLACE

I passed the tower when, through the rain,
The vesper bells rang to the night ;
And 'neath the arches entered, fain
To read some tale of love's delight.

The entrance fireplace was aglow,
Where flame was never seen before ;
And Cupid with his unstrung bow
Stirred up the fire to make it roar.

Two benches flank the inglenook
Where people far apart could bide ;
But lo, a man came in and took
A seat close by a maiden's side.

Then Cupid plied his burnished bow
Till ruddy firelight filled the place
And shone upon the pair, and lo,
Each turned and saw the other's face.

They gazed into each other's eyes,
Their faces rapt and love-beguiled ;
They whispered low with long-drawn sighs ;
And Cupid stirred the fire and smiled.

I sought the inglenook next day ;
The hearth was clean, the shining flue
Was free from soot ; no ashes lay
To show the thing I saw was true.

But I saw man and maid that day,
Their eyes still bright with Cupid's gleam ;
Which proves, I think, beyond gainsay,
It couldn't all have been a dream.

Thus Cupid works in various ways
To bend us to his heart's desire ;
And risks his wings beside a blaze
To use his bow to stir love's fire.

JUNIOR WEEK

Journeying far, the lovely horde descends
Upon the town. The fair invasion lends
New life to those who by some sad mischance
Intent on work, have nigh forgotten dance
Or merriment. Avaunt now, books and lore !
Reigneth, supreme o'er all, Queen Terpsichore !

Welcome, ye guests, who, as ye stay the while,
Electrify us with each casual smile,
Enthrall us, who are willing vassals all,
Kneeling in homage ; obedient to your call.

A PLAINT

There are kisses to get for the asking ;
There are kisses to get for a price ;
 And then there are misses
 To whom the word kiss is
A synonym, almost, for " vice."

There are kisses that come uninvited ;
There are kisses that cannot be had ;
 And plenty of misses,
 Who like others' kisses,
When I try to kiss them get mad !

Right here let us tack on a moral,
Just as if 'twas a serious rime ;
 The moral of this is :
 While I can't get kisses
The unwilling must dodge all the time.

A MODERN MIRACLE

The poor fellow ! See him sitting in the doorway over there with the sign in his lap : " Please help the blind." Cruel nature has stolen away his light ere half his days in this dark world and wide and that one talent which is death to hide lodged with him undigested. How pathetic ! Let's look to cheerier things.

Ah ! Behold the delicate dream coming down on the other side. Sausage-gone, but she's a queen. Regular goddess of grace, doll of daintiness ; perfect princess of pippininity. But look—she's met with an accident ! The port quarter of her gown is gaping wide, displaying a goodly section of her crank-shaft, silk covered. What's that ? Meant to be ? Storm-reefed, eh ?

Behold ! she passes the blind beggar. Ye gods, see him tremble. He must feel her presence. He rises, staggers, arranges his center of gravity and assumes a position of equilibrium. As she sweeps by his field of blindness his head turns. By the horn goggles of Barney Seaman, I mean Oldfield, he sees !

But what is he turning his sign over for ; and why does he button his coat over his right arm ? Why, there's something on the other side of his sign. It reads : " Please help the maimed."

My old friend Johnny, the fireman,
He tells such rippin' lies,
It makes me wonder if Johnny 'll be
A fireman when he dies.

FIRELESS COOKERS

“Your Honor,” blew the chief meatster to the Kink Kannibial, “the damn kitchen fire is out again. What wouldst do to and with the next candidate for laboratory experience in Dommycon?”

“His proportions, knave, are they ample or sparse?”

“Forsooth, Sire, he is of goodly design, having a factor of safety that will enrich the royal gravy.”

“Pack him in straw then, that he may keep until the fire is again akindle, and meanwhile bring in the maiden-finger salads to commode my cavernous capacity.”

So the latest acquisition to the royal stores was stored in the royal hay box, and the Kink dined lightly on maiden finger salads, and the damn kitchen fire was kindled and the green grass grew all around.

At length it came to pass that the chief meatster felt himself called upon to prepare to commode the cavernous capacity of the Kannibial King and accordingly he went himself to the royal hay box that he might acquire the next candidate for laboratory experience in dommycon.

Long experience had taught the royal meatster that deep-rooted objections were liable to be raised by the candidates for first-hand experience in culinary lab, and he had armed himself with the royal monkey wrench as an instrument of persuasion. But lo! upon laying open the royal hay box, his eyes were met with the sight of finely broiled meat and the aroma of cooked condiment bade his olfactory department good-afternoon. The candidate was done!

Thus did the fireless cooker originate and its modern applications are now diverse and wondrous. One manufacturing company is making a machine similar to the original model and calling it an air-cooled automobile. Although the machine has a reputation for an absence of blowouts, its inventor was often spoken of as a tireless worker.

RED, RED NOSE

I've got a lovely red, red nose ;
A gay and lurid member.
And everywhere I go it glows
As red as any ember.

To get that hue, my bonnie nose
Full many drinks drank I,
And deeper still thy color grows
For I am ever dry.

For I am ever dry, my dear,
And drink from sun to sun.
I'll keep thy color bright, my dear
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my crimson beak
And fare thee well a' while,
For thou shalt ne'er turn dull and bleak
While I can drink in style.

CHEESE IT, WILLIAM

Your superlative excellence," effervesced the imperial German gong-hop, "there are five thousand angry socialists outside who say that they are going to wreck the royal palace."

"That'll be all right, Hans. There are a couple of the royal guard out there."

"Also, your majesty, seventeen French aeroplanes are dropping bombs on the dynamite factory."

"Oh, have another stick of shpearmindt, the crown prince has his air rifle up on the roof."

"And your grace, there are two Americans from Georgia who say they are tempted to lynch you."

"Mein Gott! Call out the imperial troops, double bolt all the doors, open the emergency secret passages, train a 42-centimeter on every entrance and hold the royal armored train ready to leave on instant notice. And Hans, give me about three fingers from that decanter, quick!"

I sat in the dentist's arm-chair.

He asked how it felt to be there.

"I feel bored," I explained,

"I may even say pained.

"Your extracting's distracting, I swear."

LITTLE TALES OF THE WAR

There had been quite a barbecue in camp. The Chinese cook had had a haircut. On all sides was heavy firing and the youthful drummer was quite non-plussed not to say minused. At home the family practitioner had always warned him against lead poisoning, and now this rain of hot lead froze his blood. This rendered the bending of his limbs quite difficult, and gave the boy a rather formal appearance. A few feet away a private stood upon a gun-carriage supported by a Saturday post. The next instant a dart from the enemy's aircraft fell directly upon him and he stood riveted to the spot. This was too much for the boy, who took up his drum and beat it.

THE POET'S BOAST

I have written some hundreds of verses ;
I have written some bad and some good ;
To various misses I've written of kisses—
(And I've kissed, too, whenever I could.)

I have written of wine and of women ;
I have written of laughter and song ;
I have written of fame—(Aye, and likewise of shame.)
I have written of right and of wrong.

But in writing these hundreds of verses,
Some good and a lot of them bad,
I can proudly proclaim I ne'er tarnished my name
By the making of rhymes for an " Ad."

AFTERNOON TEA AND AFTERNOON TEASERS

Afternoon tea is a function which little girls play at and women gossip at and at which the average man is inclined to curse.

When a man has to go to a tea he spends half the time wishing he was lying comfortably in a hospital with a broken leg and the other half wishing he had five hands and a knee with a flat top.

But if all this be true, you ask, why does a man ever go to a tea?

The reason is not far to seek. "Cherchez la femme," as they say in Turkey, which means search the lady, she may be a spy.

The afternoon tea-ist need not be an athlete—(this does not apply to Spaniards or Mexicans)—but he must be a juggler, and an expert, too. Many an ardent lover has delivered the coup de grace to his hopes by pouring his tea down his fair one's neck instead of his own throat.

It must be conceded that either by the grace of God or by pure fool luck, we all of us get by sometimes; and by the same token many of us get by all the time; but once in a while the inevitable happens.

Your cup is full of tea and your saucer is full of sandwiches and cakes and macaroons and slices of lemon and lumps of sugar and spoons and things. You have been gayly talking to the young lady at your right and smiling at the one across the room. (Yes, that one over there with the honey colored hair and the funny colored gown.)

Presently you taste your tea and—O fateful moment!—it is not sweet enough. You carefully move the sandwich and two lady fingers and bring to the surface a lump of sugar. And now for the spoon. With great trepidation and infinite care you try to draw it out without disturbing the lemon, the macaroon or the other lady finger. But now—Ha ! laugh, Alecto ; and you, Magaera, jeer—destiny must be fulfilled. The lady finger slips off. You look up to see whether the young lady with the honey colored hair saw the faux pas and grope for the sandwich blindly. You find it and straightening up, jog someone's elbow. You put the lady finger on your saucer and off jumps the slice of lemon into the lap of the girl next you. You can hardly blame it, but it is nevertheless rather disconcerting.

At last the strain is too much, (Ah, Fate, how inexorable art thou !) and cup and all slip, clatteringly, to the floor.

And then—

But let us not harrow our feelings further. Let us draw a veil over the anticlimax. And not a veil like Ruth St. Denis wears when she dances, but a real one that can't be seen thru.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL

The preacher stepped hurriedly up to the rail ;

His remarks were explicit, tho brief.

“ A contribution,” said he, growing pale,

“ To the Ministerial Relief.”

A NIMBLE RHYMBEL

An adage old and proved by time
Says stolen fruits are succulent,
But one should also bear in mind
The owner may be truculent.

The truck you lent quite filled the bill ;
We've moved our goods to our new home ;
We've settled up and settled down
And now we hope no more to roam.

“ To Rome ! To Rome ! ” the soldiers cried,
“ Th' Eternal City, we'll o'erthrow ! ”
But Caesar met them just outside ;
Said Caesar's soldiers, “ Nay, not so ! ”

“ I neigh, not sew, ” the bay mare said,
“ No thimble made, my foot would fit ;
“ Besides, I could not steer a thread,
“ I really could not sew a bit. ”

How could she sew a bit, indeed ?
A bit is far too hard to sew ;
And if 'twere sown, such funny seed,
I'm sure would never, never grow.

I went down to the Star with Phyllis, fair ;
An actor pulled a joke a bit too rare ;
I was amused and laughed a bit, and then—
Phyllis arose and left me with a glare !

Goo' Bye !

AN ENGINEER ON MUSIC

This stuff is imagistic.
It is
Because it was meant to be
When it was wrote,
See?

Roomy's taking Arts,
Poor gink.
Wished me the pasteboards
To a swell
Highbrow concert because
He couldn't go.
Perhaps he had went
One time.

Me, I bit.
I went to it,
The concert.
I try anything
Once, Just once.

First a swell dame wrestled a piano.
Some suit, she wore.
With pink suspenders
Over her shoulders ;
Three-tenths of an inch wide.
The suspenders,
I mean.

She dinged it one with her dainty left
To see if it was connected up.
Then she sailed into it.
It must have been hot ;
After each swat
She lifted her mit in the air
To let it cool off.

When she got up
The piano trembled
And groaned
For five minutes
And everybody
Applauded fiercely
Probably because her
Suspenders held.

Next they pulled a dual meet
Between a violinist
And a cello fighter
For nine and a half minutes.
It was a frame-up
From the start.

The cello chauffeur
Had to keep the thing's tail
On the floor,
While the violiner
Picked his victim up
And carried it all around.
But it had an anchor hold on life
And died hard.

Then a slim
Drink of water
Sang a frivolous line
About the deep.
Let us in on the last verse
That he meant the ocean
All the time. He was some
Subtle guy.

I've attended Physics
Lectures on sound,
And worked in a boiler shop
Three days
One afternoon.
But not for me
More concerts.
Not while I have
My strength.

I bought some stock ; the price was far from high.
“ This mineral spring will make me rich,” said I,
“ For they make money fast.” And then I found
The stock was watered and my spring was dry !

Good Bye !

The baby ate some worsted
“ Don't worry ; ” said his pater
“ He'll likely swallow all the yarns
“ He hears a little later.”

WHY POETS HAVE LONG HAIR

I'm a hunter of the wild and wary dactyl,
I have traced the fierce iambic to his lair,
 When I catch the wily pyrrhic
 I confine him in a lyric
And I treat him as a poet wouldn't dare.

I have chased for days the slim and lithesome trochee
I have captured the heroic in my snare,
 When they fought they never hurt me,
 Tho they forced me to exert me,
And in time they had to give up in despair.

Now I caught them all with just the same contrivance,
(And to do it took not only skill, but care.)
 In the stilly night I trapped them,
 I entangled and enwrapped them
With a net made out of shaggy poets' hair.

“ Sis ” had been making fudge her letter said,
And when the folks at home had all been fed
There still was left a bit. I smacked my lips ;
But then, “ too soft to mail ” I further read !
 Goo' Bye !

She was a dream—my name she softly spoke
As snuggled in my arms she watched the smoke
And little flames and embers on the hearth
Make fairy pictures— And then I awoke !
 Goo' Bye !

THE DAILY PRAYERS OF AN OPTIMISTIC AGNOSTIC

- Monday :* Now I lay me down to sleep,
My poker winnings in a heap ;
If I die before I wake
I'll then have no more coin at stake.
- Tuesday :* Now I lay me down to slumber,
Prelims coming without number ;
If I die before I wake
I'll have no more exams to take.
- Wednesday :* Now I lay me down to rest,
A mustard plaster on my chest ;
If I die before I wake
'T will be a sure cure for my ache.
- Thursday :* Now I lay me down to drowse,
A bachelor without a spouse ;
If I die before I wake
I'll never own a wedding cake.
- Friday :* Now I lay me down to snore,
Where many men have snored before ;
If I die before I wake
No more Dorm. beds my back will break.
- Saturday :* Now I lay me down to snooze ;
Dreaming dreams provoked by booze ;
If I die before I wake,
Then I'll have no Sunday ache.
- Sunday :* Now I lay me down to doze,
A ripe rum-blossom is my nose ;
If I die before I wake
Another drink I'll never take.

ANTS

Do you like ants ?

Neither do I. When I was a kid, whenever I wanted to play baseball or go out to the swimming hole instead of mowing the lawn, I was always told to "consider the industrious ant." And I was long past the lawn mowing stage before I thought of coming back with "consider the lilies of the field, how they toil not, neither do they sew socks for soldiers."

That is the way life goes. You always think of a clever retort about twenty cubic feet too late. Do I hear you ask "Why cubic feet?"

If you were only an engineer like me you would remember that gas is always measured in cubic feet.

Ants resemble humans in many ways. They keep cows, which, strangely enough, *they* don't call cows at all, but aphids ; and they store food over the winter in their nests and they even have thieving ants that steal their food.

One thing they lack is musical comedy and the reason for its absence has recently been ascertained by one of our investigators after an enormous expenditure of time and labor. Our representative, after long and exhaustive researches, discovered that ants have six legs, so he went to a musical show and tried to imagine it played by ants. In ten minutes his eyes toed in like a prize bull dog and that undoubtedly explains the absence of the histrio-terpsicho-musical art among the Formicae.

THE 1915 FOOTBALL TEAM

Good Captain Alec Wilson says as Champs our team
was nix ;

It hadn't any polish and it hadn't any tricks ;

It was lacking in deception ; why, it really seems a
sin

To call a team a champion that knew but how to win.

And dear old Charley Brickley could not approve our
claim ;

The team used no deception and its tricks were sadly
tame.

It was woeful weak in polish and its wiles were all too
thin—

In fact it did but one thing well. (Tho that one thing
was win.)

Well, perhaps we had no polish and perhaps our tricks
were stale

And it may be that we didn't play the game like dear
old Yale ;

BUT

Did you notice thru the Fall, as the scores were com-
ing in

That tho we lacked those polished tricks *we never*
failed to win ?

There was once a political chump,
Who lost both his legs in a jump.
He couldn't give much,
Of a speech from a crutch,
So he did all his work on the stump.

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT

I met a girl
Whose eyes were stars ;
Whose papa owned
Three motor cars.
She said I'd better
Call some night.
And I replied :
“ Perhaps you're right ! ”

I called and said
I loved her heaps,
And offered her
Myself for keeps.
I promised that
We'd never fight.
She softly sighed :
“ Perhaps you're right ! ”

Her Pa came in
And smiled at her.
Said he, “ You'll get
Ten thousand per.
You see, young man,
I'm not so tight.”
And so I said :
“ Perhaps you're right ! ”

When this you've read
Perhaps you'll say,
It couldn't happen
In this day ;
That I just dreamed it
In the night.
So I'll admit :
“ Perhaps you're right ! ”

EATING PLACES

A "Caf" is a place to *eat* at, a restaurant is a place to *dine* at and a "Dog" is a place—not to eat at!

A "Caf" is a place where you go in, pick up a tray and a knife, fork and teaspoon, walk over to the counter where the food is all spread out and then decide to eat soup, nut croquets, pie and salad. So you go back and exchange your teaspoon and knife for a couple more forks and a soup spoon. Then just as you start to sit down the cashier yanks you back and separates you from twenty-seven cents.

When you escape him you go in and find a table somewhere and sit down and eat.

And then you wish that you had taken meat, potato and ice cream, as you first intended.

Restaurants may be distinguished from the other two types of eating places by the palms that will always be found in such establishments. These will be found in hardy profusion, some growing in pots and outstretched over the tables or screening the musicians and others growing on waiters and outstretched over the tables, gleaning the wherewithal.

Owing to the fact that we have a lady compositor we are compelled to omit most of our remarks anent "Dogs," but we will quote what the Bible says about them. It says "If you eat at a 'Dog' be wary, or tomorrow you die!"

We went down to the Star to see the show.
From seats in X the girls looked good, and so
"Between the halves" we thought we'd change our
seats.

But when we saw them from the second row,

Goo' By!

THOUGHTS ON PARTING FROM A SUMMER GIRL

The heavy clouds that darken all the sky
Obscure the fury of the somber sea ;
But darker are the shadows in my heart—
The summer's past and I am leaving B.

The growing tempest whips the sea to foam,
The angry storm-god shrieks aloud in glee ;
But tho a wild storm rages in my heart
'Tis little hindrance to the Fates's decree.

Shoreward the bounding billows madly roll,
The screaming seagulls swiftly cliffward flee,
Frail fishing craft turn and put back towards home ;
And I? Why, I, tonight, must part from B !

Ere long the clouds will break, the wind will die,
And soon the sea will smooth and tranquil be.
And tho from B I soon must part for aye,
I think I can console myself with C.

The rushee at the Eata Bitá Pi's
Was thinking " Here's a bunch that's just my size."
But overheard " Twelve years, ten frosh a year
Will lift the mortgage from our house, you guys."

Goó' By !

Fi Delta Flush were, to a man, for Piet ;
He was a famous Danish " athalete "
A telegram had said. But next they heard
" Not Danish, Spanish ; just a plain deadbeat ! "

Goó' Bye !

IL DRUMERO

Just take a slant at the drummer, boys,
And watch him wobble the stick.
His figure's becoming for one doing drumming,
And Oswald, he does it some slick.

He puts the go in the dancing,
Without him the movies are dead ;
Altho the act's bum, he's there with the drum
When the trapeezer lights on his head.

The drummer is very resourceful ;
He practices most every morn.
It don't get his goat to play a foot-note—
He does it upon a shoe-horn.

He bangs the bells in the funeral scene,
And gladsomely wallops the snare,
When Count Decolle reviews for Pathe
The annual Allentown Fair.

Then blithely he toots on his honker
For the vaudeville automobile.
If he didn't do so you never would know
That the thing was supposed to be real.

He blows the siren for storm scenes
And jingles some shot for the rain.
He makes water swish with some beans in a dish
And toots for the onrushing train.

His mind is a mighty maize marvel.
Does he train for his work ? Yes, my lord.
The time he's not drumming he spends not by
bumming
But in driving a second hand Ford.

'T WAS EVER THUS

For a time I rather liked the girl. To be sure, she was a bit, so to speak, informal, but I really rather liked her.

One night we were talking. I mentioned the theatre and then—Goo' Bye!

She told me about a Frosh who used to take her to a good show every time there was a dance, because he didn't care for dancing.

I remarked that I didn't care for either theatres or dancing. Fortunately it was dark in the room, so she could not look me in the eyes.

But I did not escape so lightly. There was another Frosh who used to take her out riding in his car; and another who used to take her to the hotel for dinner; and another Frosh—and another—

And then: "You know, *I* like Frosh! And besides, they're only Frosh for a little while. I don't see why the men are ashamed of being Freshmen."

I agreed. "Neither do I," I told her; "In fact I was *proud* of it when I was a Frosh."

She started. "*Was?*" she queried. "*Was* a Frosh? Why, *I* thought you was a Frosh *now!*"

* * * * *

So now one less Senior lingers 'round the stage door of the "Five and Ten" at ten o'clock on Saturday nights.

Two rivals, who my sister long adored;
One bought a car—I thought that he had scored
A victory. But when he brought the car around
'Twas not a car—'twas but an ancient Ford.

Goo' Bye!

IN A FOREIGN PORT

“ Ah ! cold and gray was the misty bay,
And a dank wind stirred the sea,
And I looked away o'er the misty bay
And my heart was a stone in me.
 As I gazed on the gray, cold, misty bay,
 My heart was leaden in me.

From the misty bay I sailed away
And I sailed away to sea ;
And she would not say, ere I sailed away
That she had any love for me.
 When I bade her good bye she would not say
 One word of hope for me.”

*“ And how then, pray, are you so gay,
Since your love is o'er the sea ?
Your tale is sad but your eyes are gay
As you sing your chantey to me.
 Your eyes so gray are very gay,
 As you sing your song to me.”*

“ I vowed that day as I sailed away,
That the sea my bride should be,
So I wed that day on the misty bay
And my bride was the restless sea.
 So I took for a bride the waters gay
 And my truelove is the sea.”

ELECTRICITY

Electricity was shot into society about 1600 A. D., although the ancients had a bowing acquaintance with it several centuries before there was ushered in this Christian era of peace (in Chautauqua) and prosperity (among the undertakers).

Probably one reason that the phenomena of electricity were not understood at an earlier date is because, although the old Greeks knew that when they rubbed a cat's fur the wrong way they got sparks, they also realized that they got scratches and they paid more attention to the scratches than the sparks. It remained for later scientists to skin the cat first and thus, by removing the fur from the vicinity of the fractious feline, to obviate the annoyance of abrasion by the animal's claws during the experiment.

Electricity has done a great deal for civilization. For instance it has given us the wireless telegraph and trans-oceanic cables, which give us something to think about by bringing conflicting reports of the war every hour or so. Another way in which electricity has made living pleasanter is by means of electrical household appliances. There are still several things to be developed by future inventors in order to improve things still more. One is a magnet attachment for keyholes to aid in inserting the key in the early, wobbly hours of the morning. If to this could be added a silencer for climbing stairs with a woolly head and four pairs of feet, what a boon it would be to those of the midnight sons who are benedicts !

SOME JUNIOR !

I know a husky Junior
Who weighs one-ninety-five.
He's broad and tall and plays football,
And eats prelims alive.
He's shot rhinos and tigers
In jungle dark and deep.
He's motor-biked and mountain-hiked
And bites bolts in his sleep.

He met a girl this summer
With angel eyes and hair,
And later on he called upon
The lady sweet and fair.
They sat out in the garden
In a four-foot-six-inch swing.
His little friend sat in one end
And he balanced the dog-goned thing.

With three-foot-six between them
They talked of books and themes ;
Then talked of art and remained apart
And ate some chocolate creams.
At ten P.M. he shook her hand
And breezed off like a fan.
That (Aint I right ?)
Was a strenuous night
For a great big college man !

MUSINGS OF MAY

Now's the time of varied visions
When Spring's smiled away her clouds ;
The Senior dreams of salaried missions,
Potent care his brow enshrouds.

Juniors dream of next year's blazers,
Summer smiles and sullied scenes ;
Upper lips and rusty razors ;
Silken scarfs of sundry sheens.

Sophomores visualize their bearing
When as upperclassmen they'll be known.
Grave expressions they'll be wearing—
By dignity one's rank is shown.

And the Freshmen—are they musing
Of their Sophomore doings rash ?
No, they're youthfully effusing—
Soon those caps will be but ash.

Gladys, (her father owns a city bank,)
Gladys, who "knew her dear boy never drank!"
Walked by the Dutch with me in Junior Week,
And "Red"—the fool—hollered "Hello, old tank!"

Goo' By!

Altho the last day of the term was near
My mail I opened without any fear ;
A slip fell out. "A check" thought I, but soon
I found the check was on my school career.

Goo' By!

THE YELLOW SLIP

When I was young and very small
And tender as could be,
My father took me on his lap
And chortled thus to me :
“ When you get big and learn to read
Remember this, be sure !
There’s nothing quite so harmful
As yellow literature.”

So now I am a colleger
I am not led astray.
I’ve been as straight as father was ;
’Twas only yesterday
I got a pretty yellow slip,
And burned it up,—why sure !
I never have acquired a taste
For yellow literature.

She was not young and yet she was not old ;
Her smile alluring was, yet not too bold.
She almost had me roped and tied. But when
She laughed she showed too many teeth of gold !

Goo’ Bye !

If medicines make people well,
(They sometimes do, I’m sure,)—
The question then arises :
What could a manicure ?

THE ORNITHORHYNCUS

This animal was one of the last little birds created. It looks like a 'possum at a masquerade, quacks like a duck and swims like an otter.

It was made by an amateur. Along towards the end of creation Jupiter fell asleep on the job and Bacchus came staggering along and saw a few remnants lying around. He picked up a hairy body, unsteadily attached a duck's bill, a pelican's pouch and four webbed feet, and put it down on the ground and undulated away.

When Jupiter woke up and saw it he thought he had done it in his sleep and (since he was a little ashamed of the job) he tucked it away in a corner of Australia, where it stayed hidden for several thousand years.

When this little spaniel has a brood of kittens they are a litter of eggs. And when it sets on them it stands up and carries them around in the pouch that Bacchus so thoughtfully provided.

If hens would only carry their eggs about with them that way, they would have time to scratch up twice as many gardens and thus increase their efficiency one hundred per cent.

All of which, (of course) merely goes to show what wonderful inspiration we may get from "Wine, wine, wine, red wine!"

A stude who came over from Rome
Invented a toothless comb.

"Aha," said the Dean,

"The boy has some bean,

A regular Sibley Dome."

THE NEW WAGON

Our new motor car's a pippen.
It's a 1916 model.
Oh, I guess we're keeping up with Father Time.
It has splash illumination.
And jump-spark jubilation,
And the tires are lined with fulminate of lime.

We have almost-floating axles
Makes her ride extremely easy.
And the shock divorcers separate the jolts.
We've an asthma carburetor
And a water percolater
Which is fastened to the tank with nickle bolts.

Now the engine's quite a wonder
To the eyes of a physician.
When she hits upon all twelve she's not so worse.
She has sanitary gearing
Whose wierd sounds astound the hearing.
She's equipped with three speeds horrid and
perverse.

Extra seats are disappearing.
Makes her look so very roomy,
When those straight back seats are flat and can't
be seen
But its late, you must remember
We'll keep this until September
When we'll swap it in and get a '17.

Father came home a trifle lit, I fear
And Mother stamped her foot and said, "Look here ;
" You make a fine example for your son !"
Pa said, " Jush warnin' ; not exshamp' m' dear. ",

Good Bye !

EXCERPTS FROM A LECTURE ON PROFANITY

By Prof. Imas Wearer, Hon. Fel. S.P.P.

I am before you tonight, gentlemen, to speak in behalf of a much mentioned but seldom thought of subject, and one, withall, misunderstood and overmuch abused. My topic this evening is the economic significance of profanity and I sincerely trust that I may be able to disabuse the minds of any of my hearers of any false impression of the subject which they may now have. The beauty of profanity is now fairly well understood and is so widely accepted as a fact that it needs no apologist today, but the usefulness of imprecation is a phase of the matter that has received far too little attention.

“Let me repeat : profanity has an economic value that has been far too little appreciated by the careless youth of the present generation.

“Perhaps a few homely examples will serve to illustrate my point.

“Many a tennis racket has been broken by a clumsy owner, irate at his own ineptness, but consider how many have been saved, a bit of Billingsgate serving as a vent for the angered owner’s spleen.

“Then, too, there are numberless unrealized possibilities. Many a virgin field is merely awaiting the inspiration of a master mind to open up an unlimited vista of opportunity for anathematization.

“Suppose that girls should rap out an oath, upon occasion, instead of bursting into tears. What a saving there would result in powder, handkerchiefs and time !

“Is this not an end well worth working for?

* * * * *

“If enough interest is shown a local chapter of the national Society for the Propagation of Profanity will be organized. Eligibility to membership as an Associate rests upon no more than a declaration of a desire for proficiency in profanity, but higher ranks depend upon achievement, the grade of Execrator Extraordinary being attainable only upon the discovery and development of a new imprecation.

“I now wish to thank you all for your careful attention and trust that you have gained something by it. Any questions will be cheerfully answered in the informal discussion which we hope will now ensue.

AIN'T IT A FACT?

When I foist got an intro to Arthur
I fell fer him softer than hay.
Say goils I t'ought he was spiffy
He had such an elegant way.

His arm was so heavy and husky
When he steered me around to de show
An' he always remembered de popcorn ;
He's a regular prince wid de dough.

His fussin' was up to de minute
An' his duds they was always top-notch.
Why, goils I was crazy 'bout Arthur
'Till I seen that he wore a wrist watch.

LOVE KNOWS NO NIGHT

Over on the far hill the sombre shadows deepen ;
Softly on the near hill the sunset's red glow falls.
Weary up the far hill a lone wayfarer stumbles ;
Cheery on the near hill a mating songbird calls
And greets eve with melodious delight.

Over on the far hill the evening shadows lengthen ;
Softly on the near hill the tender twilight falls.
Weary on the far hill the lone wayfarer slumbers ;
Here upon the near hill the songster calls, still calls,
Loud rings the vibrant voice; Love knows no night.

DEATH IN THE DESERT

Behind the barren hills the sullen sun
Sinks slowly from the sight of screaming Death,
Lone-lying on the desert's thirsty path,
Mocked by thin Judas-clouds of rainless dun.
The Wanderer, his thread of life nigh spun,
Choking and gasping, with his last weak breath
Cries to the God in whom he has no faith,
Fearing to feel his little day is done.

Above, a buzzard wheels on lazy wing,
In slow, unhurried, patient watchfulness,
Knowing full well the pitiful mad Thing
But little longer to his life can cling.

The clicking shutter's pause ends his distress ;
'Twas but a movie, called "The Wilderness."

THE GIRL IN THE CASE

A cadetlet left for Mexico ;
His sweetheart saw him start.
" You take my picture, John," said she,
" And wear it next your heart.
" 'Twill stop those horrid bullets
That tear one all apart."

So the freshman took his Ingersoll
And opened up the case,
And when the guarantee ran out
The picture took its place.

He took it into battle once
And wore it next his Skotch ;
But instead of stopping bullets,
That picture stopped the watch.

The 'phone girl's voice was sweet. Her name was
Grace

She said, as she demurely named the place
And hour for a date. With beating heart
I kept the tryst. But when I saw her face,
Go' Bye !

I strolled into the theatre one day ;
A sign, " Mantell in ' Hamlet ' " showed the way.
I took my seat, the curtain rose, and then
I found 'twas only movies of the play.
Go' Bye !

ALUMNI

Alumni comes from aluminum, meaning something very light, but yet pretty hard. That is, the word does. The objects to which it is applied come from Pittsburg, Chicago, Grand Rapids and several well-known cities. Aluminum is a name given to various utensils of culinary warefare in which something is stewed. The French tell us we have many misapplied words.

A great many seniors come back. Some do not entertain a desire so to proceed, while others fondly slip their families the coy impression that they have to make Ithaca on their business trip. Those who desire to return do not stay for Summer School.

Conversely, those who come to Summer School are school teachers. Yes, conversely is the word. One conversed with us last season for three hours and seven sundaes on the subject of the proposed application of logical sequence to the pedagogical procedure pertaining to instruction in colloquial cosmetics. She was a pure theorist however. She just daubed 'em on.

Being an alumnux is a sad depressing job. You are always wishing for the good old days which were the best of your life and now that you are out in the cold world and receiving a substantial subsequence every Saturday night you can truly realize the aesthetic joy of the old days when you found it necessary to hock your only chronometer in order to raise the collateral for a couple of clean collars. Realizing these things, you fall for the life secretary's idea of coming back

disguised as successful business men and renew the
gladsome gaiety of yore, wherein you have such an
enviable time as to instil in the resolvers of every un-
dergrad the firm resolve to come back to his first
reunion.

TRAUMEREI

Long, long ago I met you,
But how short the time has seemed !
How I've striven to forget you,
But how oft of you I've dreamed !

Your slender hands I can't forget ;
I know their every gesture well.
Fond memory holds for me yet
Your voice so clear, so like a bell.

Ah, swiftly do the days go by.
The months and years roll on apace,
But though I try and try and try
I can't forget your smiling face.

I can't forget you. Not at all.
I cannot now, I could not then,
I often think I hear you call
At seven-forty-five, Big Ben.

SENTIMENT

Adam started it.

When Adam periscoped Eve, he remarked : " Kid, you're the only woman in the world for me."

Right there is where Adam ran his trawler into a submarine mine. Say, do you think for a minute Eve didn't know she was the only woman? Can you so cause your imagination to be elongated as to for one-twenty-fifth of a second present to your subconscious vision a mental picture thereof?

Like a canine with rose-metal legs can overtake an asbestos feline on Main Street, Gehena, you cannot. Eve was wise.

In fact she admitted it and at once began wearing her hair up. Perhaps this is why sentiment is always connected with the fair sex. The fair sex to which sentiment is associated may be classed in three types.

The first type was made from a rib and had its sole representative in Mrs. Adam.

The second type is made from a pen by Henry Bungalo and Under Standlaws. These are merely pictures and are quite useful in showing the American girl how to hold her nose when being kissed by a gentleman wearing Glueit Freebody collars.

The third type is made on a typewriter by Robert W. Chambers. This last method seems to show the wonderful progress of our civilization; the cost of production must have been reduced by quantity output. Robert considers a modern story quite meagrely plummed without six or seven of this model.

Sentiment led to marriage.

Recognizing the trend of the times. The Speonk Daily Clarion last year had a plate made which is worded as follows, and saves lots of time by merely making it necessary to insert the names of sentimentees:

“The pretty and life-long romance of——— and——— which has been a constant reminder of the sweet innocence of Love in our midst, terminated last——— afternoon when the Rev. —— joined them with the joints of sacred matrimony at the—— church. The bride is one of Speonk’s fairest belles and has been very popular in society here for years. She wore a gown of—— over—— trimmed with—— and carried—— blossoms and was attended by—— who wore —— over—— trimmed with —— and carried —— blossoms. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. —— and is employed by —— in the important capacity of —— and was attended by —— whom he presented with —— of the first water. On their return from an extensive honeymoon to —— New Jersey, the happy couple will reside at —— . The Speonk Daily Clarion extends to them as it has to many couples before them and will to many after them if certain citizens of this city pay for their last year’s subscription a most hearty sentiment of cooperation and congratulation. God bless them while they are happy !”

As the editor of the Clarion was telling us, modern methods tend toward the destruction of one’s linen and the production of efficiency. Now with that plate all his typesetter has to do is ask a few questions over

the phone and stick in a line or so and there you have half a column of Hymenal all written and set up. Then too there is no jealousy aroused by one couple getting a smoother write-up than another.

All of which reminds us of the chief exponent of Kaiseritis in our bachelor's club who sums up the matter in the stolid concisity peculiar to his species :

“ If you ain't married, you always can, but if you have you can't never didn't.”

COAXING THE MUSE

It is not hard to write in rhyme,
I always find it simple.
For rhyme, you see, rhymes well with time
And simple rhymes with dimple.

There's nothing to it !

Thus could I rave on by the yard,
A-rhyming and a-rhyming.
I do not find it *a* tall hard ;
Look, rhyming rhymes with climbing.

A cinch to do it.

Of course the difficultest part
Is finding what to write on,
But after one once gets a start,
One then can write right, right on !

It's done ! I knew it.

SEPTEMBER

A week ago we packed our grip
And bid a fond farewell
To the cutely comely queen
Of that sylvan summer scene,
Where the lucre loving hotel keepers dwell.

And we told her that last day
How it hurt to break away ;
How it put our palpitator on the rack.
But altho we said we hated
For learning to be slated,
You can bet your life we're mighty glad we're back.

Season's busy in the stores;
Even polished up their doors.
Lovely welcome signs are hanging on the wall.
On business keenly bent,
Clothes reduced up ten per cent,
And the studes will buy the stuff because its Fall.

They will talk about our boys
As the cause of supernoise
But they notice when we're gone it's rather slack,
And from the Stewart Avenue car
To the front row in the Star
You can bet your life they're mighty glad we're back.

A prof who was studying microbes
Invented a brand new caste ;
He christened 'em SLIDERULERIA,
They multiplied so fast.

THE COMPETITOR

The Competitor is busy, he's busy all the time,
He hardly gets a chance to breathe or eat ;
He has no time for fun, but must write a funny rhyme
Or dispose of Season Tickets on the street.

He must go out after ads, he must act as water boy,
Or beg old clothes for our C. U. C. A.
He's a busy, busy lad—has no time to think of joy ;
For he's at it every minute every day.

Yes, the Compets surely have a merry, merry life,
And a hurried, varied life they all must lead ;
The Star is not for them ; every day is full of strife.
Yes, a worried, harried life they lead, indeed.

A damsel in a dancehall caught my eye ;
As graceful as a nymph she glided by.
I made a date. But when the dance was o'er
I found she'd gone off with another guy.

Goo' Bye !

My deadly rival went away one night.
“ Out of the way ” I thought. But was I right ?
We soon found out he'd gone away to war
And won a dozen medals in some fight.

Goo' Bye !

MOTION PICTURES

While moving pictures were invented but a short time ago even now the identity of the inventor is shrouded in the mists of obliviscence. Some people ascribe the invention to Edison ; others think that Providence engineered the deal ; and there are not a few who give the credit to no less a personage than his Satanic Majesty, himself.

Consider the many educational advantages that the movies offer. You can learn how to rob a bank, make love to a maid, a wife or a widow, (sod, grass or college), or how to catch a thief or a murder. Also whether soup is being eaten with a spoon or a straw at the most haut ton church teas, what style collar to wear at a dance or a hanging and other bits of learning and etiquette, too numerable to enumerate.

Here, for instance, is an example of "how to behave," culled from the movies.

You are down and out ; haggard, worn, starving. You are sleeping in the streets, barely able to keep body and soul together. (Poor but honest stuff, you know).

You are trying to decide whether there is more effort entailed in throwing yourself in front of a subway express or off the bridge into the river. You have just decided in favor of the subway because after you've jumped you can't change your mind.

You are slouching along towards the nearest station when you see me. You don't recognize me because I am all gussied up in a silk hat, furlined coat, ninety dollar suit and all the andsoforths.

(That's all right, I know I haven't, but remember, this is—or is it these are?—the movies).

Fortunately I recognize you, hustle you into my limousine, take you home, loan you a bunch of clothes, a valet, a bite to eat and a nip to drink and listen to your story. I have not forgotten the time you slipped me the answer to the third problem in that Math. final and thus let me graduate with my class and now that I have the opportunity I am only too glad to show my gratitude in some material way.

So justlikethat I offer you a ten thousand dollar position in my office, and right here the "how to behave" part comes in. Unless you are in the habit of being flat broke and having some one dangle lucrative positions before your eyes, you will probably leap from your chair, throw your arms about my neck and shout "lead me to it" or some other quotation from the classics. But if you are in the movies you will not act in such indecorous haste or with much unseemly impetuosity. No. I might even say no, indeed, you will not. What is ten thousand to you? You will start up, then sink back in your chair; open your mouth to speak several times; and you will close it as many times without uttering more than a word or two. Meanwhile your face will be working like the face of one being torn limb from limb on the rack. After registering from six to twenty feet of this terrific mental struggle you at last make your decision. It has been quite evident that your resolution to end your life was as nothing compared to this momentous determination, so I am prepared to hear

some dolorous resolve, some austere renunciation, when you clench your fist and in a solemn written-in-blood-and-sworn-to-secrecy manner you say, "Ye s—I'll—*do* it." And you accept the position without any unseemly haste or indecorous impetuosity.

Many people fear that the movies are going to drive the "legit" out of business. But why fret? If they could only displace the orchestras so that we could see them play instead of being forced to hear them, I personally would not be a bit troubled by the change.

The other day I saw an educational film. It was a very educational film. It was called "The Life of Chopin." It was a fine film but the girl that played the piano did not care for Chopin. When he was writing his w. k. Funeral March she played "Tipperary;" and she played "There's a Little Spark——Still Burning," when he kicked in. I repeat, it was a very educational film.

FRESH PAINT

The letter box was freshly daubed
And a sign revealed the fact
But the passers-by all had to try.
How fresh paint does attract.

A sign-painter' s working across the street.
His work is quite exact :
"BUDHEIZER BEER IS SOLD IN HERE."
How fresh paint does attract !

As we sat in the corner behind the palms
I couldn't resist the act,
And I touched her lips with my—finger tips.
How fresh paint does attract !

THRU THE GOGGLES

You c'n spiel of yer jobs and yer drivin' in town,
But yuh dont wanter sling it tuh me ;
I drove benzine buggies when youse guys was luggies.
I'm wise to de game, do you see.

Now I've woiked fer de boss sence he got his first car,
And I've pushed gas to lots of 'em since.
But the job of me life was when him and his wife
Took a joy ride what still makes me wince.

The son of de boss is a stude at Cornell
Where they pull a swell shin-dig each year.
So the young guy's papa says, "we'll take George
the car ;
We really dont need it down here."

'T was colder than Vanderbuilts' butler that week
When we drove the old buss up the State,
And when we pulls down in that Ithaca town
I swears I'll go back on a freight.

Slang's Palace Garage was filled up to the doors
But they said they could store the old ship ;
And I let me wheels slide as I stopped her inside
Just to show 'em some brakes that will grip.

The boss and his wife goes on up the hill
To stay at the young feller's frat.
They leaves me alone and says they will phone
The place that they wanted me at.

I had just took my coat off and filled up with gas
When the manager yells out the door
“ They want yer road louse at the Oui Busta house
At nine-hundred-twenty Edgemoor.”

They was breakfasts and tea-drinks and swary dansants
And I carted that gang to 'em all,
But that Oui Busta bunch had some elegant punch—
They kept it out back in the hall.

We takes in the Prom on the night of the Fifth
And they sticks there like brushes in glue,
And when we gets back to that Oui Busta shack
Thinks I : “ By cheeses we're thru.”

But just as I drops off me brake with a sigh
The bunch all comes out with a leap
And the chief of the sneaks says, “ We'll go to the
Pekes
And dance while the chaps are asleep.”

'Twas chilly up there in that ice-water breeze.
It even got tru me fur coat.
But I shivered in shame when I slanted a dame
With a little black string round her throat.

There's jobs where you chaperone ashes, me boys,
And jobs where you barber the grass.
But when a guy speaks of Cornell Junior Weeks
You tell him you're ready to pass.

FORSAKEN, OR THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER

By Fellow-Stealer Pillbox.

Stars of the summer night,
Tell me, Ah, tell aright
Where is my love tonight?
Thinks he of me?

We had a date today,
But he phoned "called away,"
And would not even say
Where he must go.

The stars would not reply,
But had she asked me I
Would have said he was nigh—
Down town, maybe.

Had she looked in "The Dutch,"
Or in some other such
Place, she would have been much
Surprised, I know.

I possess a social roommate
Who is rather long and tall.
Last week he got gym credit
Without any work at all,
Swinging all the dumb belles
At the deaf mutes' ball.

PRAISE BY PROXY

Fire my jaded brain, Beauty, inspire me !
Must I desire in vain, I who desire thee ?

I would a paean sing, lauding one dear to me ;
But in my song should ring plaudits, sincere, to Thee.

When at her shrine I bow, incense I burn to Thee
Wilt Thou not help me now, now as I turn to Thee ?

Guide my unskillful pen ; kindle a spark in me !
Quickly shall beauty then, scatter the dark in me.

Thru her I worship Thee, Beauty. Attend my plea ;
Teach her to care for me. Make her will bend to me.

HISTORICAL

When I first saw this planet fair
No barber'd ever cut my hair,
And money gave me not a care.
But that was years ago.

Whene'er I wanted anything,
I'd howl and yell until they'd bring
The thing I wanted—I was king.
But that was years ago.

A damsel fair once looked at me ;
" I'd like to kiss you, boy," said she.
I yelled " You can't !" and turned to flee.
Gosh, that was years ago.

A man once told me I could write ;
He said my stuff showed promise—quite.
He saw my great career in sight.
And that was years ago !

MILKMEN

Milkman is the third person masculine singular for the city poets' idea of a rural heroine, and the common, or garden variety is usually some singular masculine. When, in the roseate riasma of Junior Week, you forsake your cot of adiabatic comfort and plod jovially down the mounting to meet Clarice on the 6:55 a. m. Lehigh, you will see him, juggling his blue white bottles to the tune of Tip-em-airy, just as if this were not the day of days when the girl of girls would arrive to spend four enchanted twenty-four hour days. And to think that maybe he will juggle the milk that but a short hour later will wander streamily down the interior of her swan-like neck! How dispoetic are the things of commerce and milk peddling.

Yet he doesn't give a care, nor a whoop, but pursues the arduous jooties of his perfession according to the rules laid down by the American Amalgamation of Milkmen. They are all about the same. Now you take this affair that slings the juice de cou up on our route—right here on Stewart Avenue, the Riverside Drive of Ithaca. That fellow possesses neither fear nor compassion. Sunday mornings, when all students worthy of the epithet would fain remain entranced an extra hour, that baneful youth leaves his wagon on our corner and gleefully slings empty bottles at his wire basket. Every once in a while he gets one in, and being a person of small and modest needs, that is sufficient encouragement to lead him to continue the firing with all the optimism of a cadet corps squad shooting wax bullets at clay pigeons.

Cruel cynic, say you, that I should stoop to the mercenary aim of getting space credit at the expense of one who serves me my breakfast elixir? But not. Being a coffee-totaler, I take my drinking water undiluted. I can't see this milky whey effect for drinking purposes, and my avid aversion is neither new nor recent. Why years and years ago Moses did a freight job on some commandments, among which was a clause against adulteration. Almost all the really learned people, that is, the majority of us feel that the milkman's job aint what it uster be when Captain Noah and Bill Borden fed the lacteal lucriment to the infantile contingent of the second cabin, but anyhow they defeated the prohibition bill in the House.

Uncle Joseph DeGroat was a prophet of note.
He could tell when t'would rain or would snow,
He could most always tell where to dig for a well,
And the way that the breezes would blow.
And up to the time when he cashed in his checks,
And into a pine box they rolled him,—
He knew to a minute the time he would die,
For the kind hearted sheriff had told him.

I thought I loved Eliza Jane McPhit
For she had looks and just a little wit.
But just when I was on proposing bent
I found Eliza could not cook a bit !
Good Bye !

A LAMENT

Jonah was the first submarine explorer
He used a whale for a scow ;
He staid under water for an hour and a quarter,—
But Joe aint livin' now.

Isaiah was the original aviator ;
In a firewagon made his bow.
On his very first try made Heaven on high,—
But Ise aint livin' now.

Hercules was pretty husky ;
Never got worried in a row.
It's pretty straight dope he'd make a white hope,—
But Herk aint livin' now.

Sir Launcelot was a bear with the spear.
He practiced on the cow.
He could split up a card clean across the back yard—
But Launce aint livin' now.

Napoleon Bonepart got into print
With his stunts against Moscow.
He could take it again with a thousand men,—
But Nap aint livin' now.

Pipe all dose guys what's went beyond—
Dey's roostin' on de shelf !
Gee, it makes me blink when I stops to t'ink,
'Cause I aint feelin' well meself !

DEATH

Death was discovered by a man named Cain some little time ago. And since his time no one has been able completely to forget it.

Death is like electricity—everybody knows about it but nobody understands it.

A great many people have found out about it but they have been singularly uncommunicative afterwards. Personally, our vote is in favor of being on the outside looking in rather than being on the inside looking out.

Most people take death very seriously. And (since “turn about is fair play”) death takes us all seriously in the end.

Many of us are a little curious about the “bourne from which no mortal may return” but we never let our curiosity get the better of our judgment.

We are like Socrates. He, you remember, said when they handed him the cup, “it will doubtless be a very novel sensation, but gosh all hemlock, living is plenty novel enough for me.

DOLEFUL DEFINITIONS

NEUTRALITY—That which one fights to maintain and which is irretrievably lost as soon as one fights to maintain it.

DEFEAT—The pin to prick the bubble of our self-satisfaction.

PSYCHOLOGY

Do you believe in spherical aberration ?

Say yes.

Then, Meagerly Informed, do you realize that you do not know that such a thing exists? Well you don't. It may have been there when you last saw it but because you cannot see it now it ain't there. See?

Psychology was discovered by a Grecian ox-cart chauffeur one dark night while blithely speeding down the Apian Parkway. His headlights went out as he passed the new sewer excavation from the Troy laundry and left him in total devoidment of light.

"Kappa lambda psi," he murmured, "alpha iota sigma, zeta, zeta, delt."

And with these simple words, we have the modest, yet self-confident theorem which has formed the marvelous basis of our modern science of the thinkorium. The lowly chauffeur realized that without his lights he could not see, and not seeing, things did not exist.

Proceeding on this basis he went forward to light up. Upon holding a match in close proximity to the place where the starboard ox was before the light went out he received prompt physiological evidence that with the advent of light objects again become existant. This evidence he retained for some time and carried in constantly with him wherever he went.

Thus was the corner stone laid to the eminent edifice of elucidation on the formerly vague mystery as to why we say "excuse me" to a prof and "eyes in the boat" to a frosh when we bump into them, and also why we do not elect the marvelous course if we see it first.

CAFETYRANNY CONFRONTED

It was indeed a tense moment, darnfit wasn't. J. Rufus de Gree sat at a prominent table in the Cascadilla Cafeteria with a full meal contained snugly within him, a check for thirty-eight cents on his tray and one lonesome dime in his pocket, with which to cope with the crisis.

But, as one civilian to another I ask you, did he become the victim of idle fear? Not so, comes the suburban echo. On the contrary he rose with the calm air of the accustomed diner and went back after a plate of ice cream, receiving for same a check for ten cents.

After peacefully assuming an outside boundary to the ice cream he leisurely wandered out in a crowd, paying his ten cent check and carrying the extra thirty-eight center over to the Corner Book and collecting on the same a "rite away" discount of five per cent. And the next day he got on the front page of the Sun.

THE ONLY JUDGE

They say its foolish
To write to you, so many miles away
And long for your letters
When the town has beautious faces in profusion :
That I lack in judgment,
But You, Dream in the Distance,
Do You call it foolish—or something sweeter ?

THE TYPEWRITER

Behold the typewriter! Is not its intricate simplicity truly wonderful? It is a universal necessity: the pianoforte of the reporter; the excuse for having girls in many offices; to paraphrase the late Mr. J. Milton, who would not sing of typewriters?

The typewriter is essentially a labor-saving device but it may also be classed as a humanitarian institution. For while thousands of stenogs. are busy at their machines they are kept from going to tango teas and thus—. What's that? Saved from the destructive influence of the modern dances? Not at all! Not *a* tall. They are kept away from the tango teas and thus there is room for the rest of us to dance the new stuff without getting stepped on so often.

I have a collapsible typewriter that cost me fifty dollars, but father had one that was a lot more expensive than that. His was collapsible, too. One day when the mater came down to the office and found her on dad's lap she collapsed all right. The office is slowly recovering from the shock but it will never look the same without her.

KISSING

Kissing is "the little boy's duty, the old man's privilege and the young man's"—*je ne sais quoi*.

Kissing is like the tide—it is greatly influenced by the moon. And also (like the tide) there is more of it in some latitudes than in others.

The art of osculation is highly developed in this country, but over the water they have extended the art to a scope far beyond our wildest dreams. On the

other side, even the men, when they meet, mingle their mutton-chops in furious embrace !

The kiss has been called "the cherry in the cocktail of love," but we have noticed that even in dry towns we can usually get cherries.

And by the same token many a ringless maiden possesses a prehensile pair of lips !

IN THE DORM

He has hyphenated hair* and he wears a "made" tie and round detachable cuffs.

He wears pegtop trousers and a baggy double breasted coat, each as innocent of crease as guilty of grease.

His shoulders are stooped and lopsided and he scuffs when he walks.

He never speaks to me, altho his room adjoins mine in the dormitory.

In the cafeteria he tucks his napkin under his collar and eats ambidexterously. To see him in a death grapple with a twelve-inch ear of corn or the neck of a chicken is a sight for the gods—to avoid.

But he does not play "Humoreske" on a six dollar violin with a jitney touch, at eleven P. M., nor does he borrow my shaving soap and leave it locked in his room when I want it in a hurry. And he does not borrow my good tobacco and hand out bum cigars in return, nor does he entrench himself in my Morris chair and recount ancient and shady anecdotes when I am trying to write up a report.

So every day I praise the gods and little bluefish that have given me such an agreeable neighbor.

* Parted in the middle.

WHALES

The whale is a large animal that is very fond of the water and spouts a lot.

(No, Therese, neither Wm. Jenny Brine nor Hon. Jo. Dan. is whales.)

The dead whale is highly prized for his blubber, wherein he differs from the live child. To get blubber from a whale, one paddles out and throws a harpoon into him and then cuts him up. To get blubber from a small boy one just paddles and he is quite cut up.

Whale bone used to be largely used in corset-making. But with the great advance in science, of late years, has come remarkable progress in the making of alloy steels of great strength and at present vanadium or chrome steels are used to keep milady in shape.

The sperm whale has it over his bony brother in the race for popularity. The sperm whale supplies ambergris which is used as a base for many perfumes and we can assure our readers on the best of authority that the skunk is not due to supplant it for some time to come.

CHRISTMAS! it was a rough passage. Most of the passengers were sick but Mrs. Malaprop had not yet succumbed. However, the second 'dinner was too much. "No thanks," said she as she started for the rail, "no more salad, I am already full to depletion."

THE STUDENT'S LITANY

From the Prof. who delivereth lectures on lighting and ventilation in close and dingy halls ; and from him who giveth an important note just as the hour endeth ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From short vacations and long assignments ; yea, and from triple cuts ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From the Prof. who pulleth ancient jokes and expecteth laughter ; and from the Prof. who pulleth no jokes nor cracketh ever a smile ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From the Prof. who giveth out six problems, saying "Thou must needs but substitute in the formula and turn the crank, and Lo, it is finished," and feigneth surprise when their completion consumeth seven hours ; yea, from him who thinketh that all *our* time is *his* ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From standardized jokes on the greenness of Frosh ; and on the sophistication of Sophomores ; yea, from customary comedy ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From the Prof. who mumbleth in his beard, facing the wall ; yea, from him who talketh so low that it profiteth only the Prof. ;

Good Lord deliver us.

From the Prof. who detesteth a high mark and delighteth in catch questions ;

Good Lord deliver us.

AMEN.

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